

## Good Medicine

RICHARD BURGESS was the only man in the United States who was absolutely certain Saturday morning as to what the Democratic convention would do Saturday afternoon. Even Zach Lamar Cobb suspended judgment, which meant that Bryan himself was bamboozled. A study of the tabulated ballots discloses an almost unprecedented foolishness of the various state delegations. The only parallel in American political history is the Republican convention of 1860, which went to the 36th ballot with Grant's "immortal 305" standing pat.

The instructed delegations, especially those bound by the unit rule, hardly varied at all, until New York's break to Clark put a little different phase on the situation. The Clark men thought surely the change of more than 100 votes at a clip would start a stampede, but it didn't; Clark's vote fell off in subsequent balloting, and the adjournment must have been a relief to Clark's partisans. Once a candidate's star begins to decline, it is mighty hard to head it the other way.

Despite the dogged persistence of the Democratic factions as shown in the convention, it is doubtful if there exists in the Democratic party such bitter personal and factional hatred as the Rooseveltians have shown for the old line party organization of the Republicans. Upon this very point rests the final result of the November election. In the Republican convention, compromise was absolutely unthinkable. In the Democratic convention, there was strong factional antagonism, but nothing quite like the liar-thief-scoundrel roughness of the Rooseveltians at Chicago. Possibly there was not the same provocation. Bryan went pretty far with his personal attack on Morgan, Belmont, and Ryan, scolded by the convention almost unanimously as a matter of good politics. But on the whole, the Democrats in their formal work conducted themselves rather more decorously than the Republicans did.

Harmon had no chance, because of his creditable personal record and his unpopularity. Underwood, who had earned Bryan's personal dislike, represented the old line machine, which has been rather discredited in the party assemblies since Bryan began to transmute crowns of thorns into stacks of gold, and crosses into lucrative lecture tours. Wilson was an unknown, whom the New York crowd didn't feel quite competent to handle. Clark was a politician without influence among the old historic party guardians but with a winning personality appealing to the folks west of the Mississippi, and no very well defined notions on great public questions to embarrass him. No one of them had previously excited the violent opposition of the radicals, except Harmon, who was altogether too much of a man to be available in this emergency. So the convention proceeded to fight it out, just as if Bryan were not present and dictating every move of the real majority.

The "favorite sons" held on long after everybody thought their balloons would collapse. The party instructions were adhered to with remarkable tenacity. The old trusted leaders of the one-time efficient machinery found themselves for the time outclassed when "the people" took the bit in their teeth. It was anybody's convention, seemingly, for a long time, and chaos smoked and steamed away in profound indifference to the theoretical tendencies toward order and regularity that are supposed to dominate the Democratic cosmos.

It has been a great fight, and it won't hurt the Democratic party in the long run. As The Herald has said in reference to the Republican caftight, active divisions within a party are really signs of health and growth, and judged by this rule, it appears that the Democratic party is healthier than the Republican party, for the very reason that divisions are more numerous and more contentions. A two-thirds vote for any avowed candidate would have been utterly impossible at Chicago. But the Democrats have a way of settling their differences in nominating convention, even if they subsequently go to pieces when charged with national responsibility.

Anyhow, it is going to be a glorious fight. Roosevelt will be the doughty guerrilla leader, harassing both the old parties, unless he can gain from the Democrats the tolerance he failed to command among the party which, until recently, he espoused. If things Democratic suit him, he will be found stamping for the Democratic nominee against his old and lamented friend Taft. If the Democrats should be so bold and ungenerous as to invite him to go hence with his medicines and other deadly weapons, Roosevelt will be as independent, and about as savage, as a Cave Man, hurling rocks when biscuits would do as well, and brandishing his club to terrify the lightning.

What a beautiful lesson it all is to our latin-American neighbors. How peaceably we go about our business, quietly munching milk crackers while reading the extra Herald's telling of the progress of the strife. Imagine Madero and Orozco and Zapata, Huerta, Reyes, de la Barra, Calero, Creel, and the ghost of Diaz, quietly sitting at the end of a telephone wire awaiting the verdict of "the people" deliberating in a superheated hall where ice water is the favorite beverage and "mug fans" with portraits of the candidates are the only weapons allowed on the delegates. It is a beautiful and comforting thought, that this day six months hence we shall all be thinking about something else and be under the necessity of consulting an almanac to learn that we ever had a difference in the world.

The politicians take themselves so seriously. It is well they do, else "the people" would forget there was a presidential election due and let the government go to Guinea for lack of attention to its needs. Let's whoop it up; but try to remember that we are fighting for principle, not for the personal glorification of a few somewhat obscure and rather annoying individuals, temporarily elevated by the newspapers into the glare of popularity, and assuming themselves competent to direct the destinies of 100,000,000 human bugs.

## The Argument For Curb Parks

ASPHALT streets absorb heat and hold it long after the grass and verdure of the curb parking have given off their accumulations. The more parking, the less heat, the less glare, the less dust and wind. Thirty feet wide is ample for any residence street that is not a principal thoroughfare, automobile speedway, or street car rightofway.

Of what use is it to you, now candidly, Mr. Home Owner, to have your street made an automobile speedway and a glaring white expanse of asphalt of a width far in excess of any possible need of normal traffic? Here is the argument: You own your home; you pay every dollar of the cost of improvements; you delight in the vision of green grass and shrubs and trees; you can get the park in front of your house for very much less than the paving would cost; you can maintain it through the cooperative system at one-fourth the cost of maintaining it at private expense; the parking affords a safe place for your children to play; the street certainly does not; you are naturally more interested in making your own home a pleasant and comfortable place in which to live, than you are in giving speed fiends a double-width pavement to joy-ride on.

All in all, you pay the total cost, and you have a right to consult your own advantage, welfare, and pocketbook. If you do that, you will pave not to exceed 30 feet wide between curbs, and put the remainder of the street area into parking, which will increase in beauty and money value year by year, give you and your children longer life and greater happiness, and enable you to sell your property any time, or rent it, to much greater financial advantage than if it were on a street not parked.

This is gospel truth, and in time those who pave their streets too wide will keenly regret their mistake as they look with envy on their wiser neighbors' parkways, secured at an actual saving in cost as compared with paving.

## One-Sentence Philosophy

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
(Chicago News.)  
A woman's real secrets never show up in her diary.  
The average married man doesn't feel sorry for a bachelor.  
The perils of trying to get rich quick are still in evidence.  
Some women delight in showing how agreeable they can be to strangers.  
A wise man listens when his wife talks—at least, he listens for the last word.  
Many a good woman prays for her husband, but she keeps an eye on him just the same.  
He's the meanest kind of a thief who will rob his own family to pay for another man's drink.  
If, during courtship, a young man tells a girl that he's unworthy of her, she doesn't believe it any more than he means it.

**QUAKER MEDICATIONS.**  
(Philadelphia Record.)  
Any man can go to law, but the trick is to get back.  
Politically speaking, the proof of the pudding is in the plums.  
It's a mighty poor doctor that can't keep his attention on his patients.  
No athlete wants to break the record at the jump from the frying pan into the fire.  
Success is merely a matter of convincing others that you are as good as you think you are.  
Rhodes—They tell me Borrowwell is paying his attentions to a belle named Slobo—I bet that's the first thing he ever paid in his life.  
Witz—Don't believe Heuphecke has ever really formed an opinion of his own. Wags—Oh, well, give him time. He'll arrive at a definite conclusion when he dies.

## In No Man's Land

By Walt Mason.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in snowy dress, was seated on a star, and gazed, with symptoms of distress upon the Earth afar. Beside him sat King George the Third, his sceptre in his hand; said Washington to him: "My world! I view my native land, and scarcely recognize the place; the changes make me sad; there is a presidential race, and everyone seems mad! Beside our native presidents, as presidents should be, your kings would seem like twenty cents for power and dignity. The office, as it was designed, the greatest was on earth, for men of high, majestic mind, of substance and of worth. But they're degraded it so much, made it so cheap a thing, that fakers for it claw and clutch like monkeys in a ring. The candidates go forth and rant, and pull a thousand wires, implore and threaten, sweat and pant, and call each other liars. Each tells of what the other did—disgraceful, sordid things; 'you stole some candy from a kid,' one noisy statesman sings; and then the other one replies, with wild and frantic whoop: 'You stole a blind man's china eyes, and robbed a chicken coop!' It grieves me that my native land should be disgraced, by jings! I almost wish we hadn't named you and your line of kings!" King George looked down a billion miles on this fat land below, and sprung one of his greasy smiles, and sighed: "I told you so!"

## At the Mercy of the Air

By Constance Burleigh.

"THERE you are, Sis, that is Ronald Clavering—the tall chap with the bronzed face talking to aunt."

Cecilia Travers looked across the room, and at that moment the keen, gray eyes belonging to the bronzed face met hers. Cecil, as she was familiarly called, blushed and turned away, and her usually well regulated heart beat violently.

"Isn't he a fine looking chap?" pursued Jack Travers. "And he is just as splendid as he looks, the bravest and most daring aviator in England. And he just landed his plane safely."

"I know everything he has done," interrupted his sister eagerly. "He is just grand and I've always longed to see him."

"This was Cecil's 21st birthday and Mrs. Denton, Cecil's aunt, was giving a dinner party in her honor. She now came over to them."

"Jack, you will take Miss Marsh in to dinner," Cecil, dear, I have paired you off with Mr. Clavering. I know you are crazy about aviation, though I don't suppose you will get him to teach you much about his exploits. He is so terribly modest."

Cecil looked up rather resentfully at her companion. She told herself she hated him, and felt angry that his voice and a glance from his eyes had power to set her heart beating furiously and make her blush like a flower. And Ronald Clavering, the woman hated, found himself watching her sweet face with more than ordinary interest. Finding how enthusiastic she was about the navigation of the air, he patiently answered her many questions, and explained all he could to her.

A few days later Cecil sat sketching, and, as she worked, one face would look at her, and she would look back at him, and her cheeks would glow with a rosy light. It was a board—a board, a board, with deep, gray eyes. An angry little frown puckered her forehead.

"I hate him—I do!" she said to herself. At last she pushed her work impatiently away and sat staring dreamily before her. A sudden exclamation from Jack, who was reading the paper, made her look up.

"What is it, Jack?"

"You remember Mr. Clavering, who took you into dinner on your birthday?"

"Yes, I remember him. Well, what about him?"

"Oh, it only says here that he is going to take a trip to Greece for \$50 each from Seaboard Aerodrome this afternoon and each day this week, the money to go to a fund for the widows and children of the heroes of that terrible mine disaster." Cecil glanced up, her heart beating rapidly. "Then I'm going up with him," she said firmly.

The afternoon proved dull and rather rough, and not many people seemed anxious for aerial honors, though a large crowd had assembled when Jack and Cecil appeared.

On account of the contrariness of the wind, it was late before they made a start. Cecil's heart throbbed with a wild excitement as she took her place in the machine with her father. There was a deafening noise from the engine, and then the monoplane rose with the grace and swiftness of a bird. At first Cecil felt as though she must scream, for it seemed as if the breath were being forced out of her body and she was being carried off by a powerful, unseen force, and a sense of glorious exhilaration took its place as they rose higher and higher, till the cheering

waving crowds became mere specks below them.

"All right," shouted Clavering. And Cecil, who had been sitting beside him, suddenly, they seemed to get caught in a wind eddy, and the plane swung right around.

"Keep calm—hold tight!" roared Clavering. Cecil saw that the bronzed face was set and anxious.

For some time they fought a grim battle with the blustering wind; then came a short, sharp exclamation from Ronald, a jarring of the machinery, and the aeroplane rocked violently.

"Something was evidently very wrong but a calm, cold courage took possession of Cecil. Now was the time to show that women have grit as well as men."

"The steering gear's gone wrong!" shouted Clavering, wondering how much he should tell his passenger.

"I thought something was up," replied Cecil calmly. "Is it serious?"

The aviator looked at her admiringly. A sudden downward stroke stopped any further conversation, and for a long time Clavering was busily engaged in looking over the controls of the aeroplane, which tossed about at the mercy of the wind. Cecil was getting cold and cramped. She knew they must have been in the air a long time, for darkness was threatening to set in; yet, strangely enough, she felt no fear, though she knew they were drifting toward death, but she did not care what happened as long as that stern, brave figure was with her. Ah, how little she had thought her adventure would turn out like this! She had intended to get home quickly, unobserved, directly she found herself back in the aeroplane grounds, and now—

"We are nearing the land!" Clavering's voice broke in on her reverie. The rest of his sentence was carried away by a violent gust of wind which blew her head into a position of low, low line of the shore. The plane made a swift, vicious swoop. They were falling.

"Look out!" she heard Ronald's short, sharp words. Then came a terrific crash. She struggled hard not to lose consciousness as she saw Clavering standing over her and heard his voice.

"Saved by a miracle! I came down as gently as I could. Are you hurt?" he asked, then he held her gently, not speak, and he helped her gently to her feet. "You're a brick, Miss Travers! If you had not kept up your courage as splendidly I might have lost my own nerve."

Cecil blushed deeply, as she recovered to take the first step, to find herself in Clavering's arms.

"Ah, that's better! What a fright you have given me!" he exclaimed. She knew why she burst into a passion of tears. "Take it easy—you'd best keep quiet a bit. The shock has been too much for you. And now, get you home directly you are able."

His clasp of her tightened, and there was no mistaking the emotion in his eyes, no longer stern, but with an expression of wonderful tenderness in their depths, and suddenly, she scarcely knew why, she burst into a passion of tears. And Clavering felt that he loved her for her weakness, even as he had loved her for her courage.

"Dear little girl, what is the matter," he whispered gently.

"I had no right to do it," she sobbed. "What right did I have?"

But it was nearly a fortnight later when he told her what he really felt. And now, his famous aviator's charming wife accompanied him on most of his wonderful flights, but he often teases her about the first one!

## Success Under Difficulties

S. B. F. Morse—Waiting Five Years for a Patent in Telegraphy and Then Had to Fight for a Chance to Introduce It.

—BY MADISON C. PETERS

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was born in Charleston, Mass., April 27, 1791. His father, Rev. Jediah Morse, D. D., was worldly enough to become the "Father of the American Geography."

Garibaldi's father decided that Giuseppe be set aside for the priesthood because the boy felt like a cricket and a cricket which lost its leg" while under investigation. Morse's father concluded that the boy would preach well because he could not keep his head above water in a dangerous attempt to catch bait in the Mystic river. But the boy declared that nature fitted him for a painter and a painter he would be.

Enters Yale at 14. Under Professors Day and Silliman he received his first impulse towards the electrical index which his name is mainly identified. The fact of his early years was so strongly favorable to art that at 20 he accompanied Washington Allston, then the greatest of American painters, to England, under whom he pursued his studies in art for four years. He was then a painter.

After working on portraits for two years at Charleston, S. C., he removed first to Washington and afterwards to Albany, finally settling in New York.

In 1826 he held the foundation of the National Academy of Design and was elected its first president, but his life was not a success. No man can struggle victoriously against his own character. Nature had intended him for something

other than a painter. There is a right place for everybody. When you strike water you will have use for your fins. The refusal of the government to commission him to paint one of the great historical pictures in the rotunda of the capitol destroyed all his artistic ambitions.

The year 1827 marks the revival of Morse's interest in electricity. From Professor J. E. Dana of Columbia College, he learned the elementary facts of electro-magnetism, yet he could not break away from his training in the ideals of beauty, and the fascination of imaginative scenes, so in 1829 he went to England to study the old masters.

Begins Scientific Career. In 1832 he closed his artistic career and entered upon his scientific life. Returning to America aboard the packet ship "Sully," which sailed from Havre, October 1, 1832, he discussed one day with professor Jackson, one of his fellow passengers, the properties of the electric magnet, which led to the remark: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted by electricity." This was not a novel proposition, it had been known since 1774, but the process of formulating started in his mind a train of new ideas, and Morse was the first to apply it for the benefit of man.

Morse knew that the current of electro-magnetism would pass instantaneously along a wire, or if it were interrupted a spark would appear. The spark he argued might represent a part of speech, a letter or a number, the

## THROUGH SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT LEAGUES WOMEN'S CLUBS PROMOTE CHILD WELFARE

Federation Believes All Children Should Have Equal Educational Advantages in This Country.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 29.—Since the entire scope of the work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is educational in the broad sense of the world, its department of education has been, and probably always will be of prime importance. The women's clubs of the country have been most influential in encouraging the advancement of the public school system. Nothing pertaining to child welfare has been deemed too trivial to merit attention. Every child in the federation is actuated by the belief that all of the children in the United States should have equal educational advantages and opportunities. The women's club work has before it five principal ends: (1) Strong and well enforced laws in every state; (2) a sufficient number of well equipped and well cared for school houses in every community; (3) training for the hand as well as moral instruction in all public schools.

Continued for 20 years. The general federation began its educational campaign more than 20 years ago. The great improvement which has been made in the public school systems of many states and municipalities is really due to the power and influence wielded by this great organized army of women. The work has not been uniform throughout the country, because the needs and resources of localities differ. In some places one line of work has seemed to be more important than another, but as a basis of work for the club women of the country for the improvement of the public schools, the five principles have been kept well in mind and at different councils and biennial meetings the reports of progress have been given opportunity for a comparison of methods and results which has been helpful to the general cause of education.

In many clubs the members of the educational departments have made extensive studies of educational methods and of psychology in order that they might have a definite understanding of what should be required of the children and the training of the citizens of the future and they have tried in every possible way to enforce their demands. The General Federation from time to time has issued bulletins and carefully prepared lists of books which have been distributed to the smaller clubs in arranging their study schedules and have also been much appreciated by the thousands of school teachers. One of these lists which has been in great demand during the last three years was prepared by the General Federation of Women's Clubs by Prof. Paul Hanus of Harvard College.

The movement for moral instruction in the public schools, which has come to prominence during the past two or three years, owes much to the influence of women's clubs. This subject was brought forward at the annual meeting of the General Federation and since then many clubs have been planning a course of systematic moral instruction in the public schools which would not in any way touch upon religious denominational differences and therefore would be acceptable to all. The feeling among some of the various nationalities and religions which go to make up the school population of the American public school. Club women feel that the first of all a child should be taught to honor his parents and that introduction of principles liable to be opposed to the child's home training should be avoided.

Equipped school buildings, the club women of the country have brought to bear the most modern methods of work. Some clubs have a committee which visits the schools regularly and reports upon the conditions encountered. They keep records and give credits for improvement noted. At least one club has found that a prize offered to the school which secured the most favorable reports to its credit did much to secure the proper cleaning of the school buildings. A number of clubs supply additional cleaning utensils to supplement those provided by the school authorities. The club women of the most primitive type of the western club now give annual demonstration cleanings in the schools, which all of the public school janitors are invited. Some of the most prominent of the city take part in this demonstration which is intended to show the janitors how the room should be kept and the dust taken out of it. Instead of being merely shifted to other places as was done by

the old fashioned dusting with a duster.

Ure Ventilation in Schools. The subject of ventilation also receives attention and the club women are anxiously hoping to see in all states a law, similar to one recently enacted in Wisconsin, which provides a bonus of \$50 annually to each rural school which complies with the minimum requirements of cleanliness and ventilation. The school children also are stimulated to take an interest in helping to keep the school buildings and the grounds in order. One club in a southern town gives an annual prize of \$5 to the library of the school which has been kept in the best condition throughout the year.

School Improvement Leagues. The establishment of school improvement leagues in different parts of the country is a direct outgrowth of the educational work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In many small towns, especially in the southern states, the school improvement leagues constitute the organized women's movement of the community, since there is no subject that appeals more directly to the average mother than the improvement of the school in which her child is receiving his education. In the rural communities the school improvement leagues have been very successful in keeping constantly in touch with the newer educational developments which the federation is always ready to supply. By this means the schools receive a help and encouragement for the good of the entire community. The General Federation offers a prize of \$50 to the local, and to each county school which makes the greatest progress during the year.

The subject of home economics as applied to the course of instruction of the public schools is being constantly pushed forward by the club women of the country and they are largely entitled to the credit for its initiation. Many towns where there is as yet no provision for the teaching of domestic science classes, the club women have come to the aid of the municipal school boards. In Philadelphia, one of the pioneer clubs of the country, which has long been recognized as equipped a model home in a building in a tenement district of the city. The club furnished a bedroom, kitchen and dining room, and the children were taught how to make beds, sweep and dust a room and to prepare simple meals. The club women were given to preparing the proper use of woollens and the fading of delicately colored fabrics and other matters which the home economics should know. In order to properly care for the family wardrobe, this laundry work was first installed in a vocational school. It is interesting to know that one of the first teachers in laundry work was a college graduate who had a degree of doctor of philosophy, who was capable of giving practical instruction to her girls upon the proper use of clothing should be handled upon the washboard.

While the work in colleges is recognized as of first importance because of the enormous number of pupils enrolled in them, the club women are not neglecting the colleges and universities. The complaint is often made that the course of instruction in the average woman's college is lacking in practical value and the great federation, composed largely of college-bred women, is striving in every way to refute this charge and at the same time to improve the curricula in the colleges in any way that seems needed. A subject which has been given much attention by the average college woman has been the study of novel methods of study, which go to make up a practical commercial or professional life. She needs these if she is to compete with men in the business lines, as thousands of women are doing successfully every year. In addition to this, however, she must have some preparation for her life as a woman, and a professional calling. To apply these requirements of these requirements is a matter to which the educational department of the federation is giving much attention.

It is not generally known that the General Federation of Women's Clubs provides an English scholarship for the son or daughter of a member of the club. It is said that Mr. Rhodes at first considered extending his beneficence to women, but gave it up because he did not feel that women were likely to have any political influence in international relations. However, the federation demonstrates the value of a closer relation between the intellectual woman

## Abe Martin



Life Bud has thrown away his union suit and succeeded. The thing that's de-population' th' farm more'n anything else is that you can't plow an' a dude.

of the English speaking nations, so by contributions from all of the states, the scholarship has been arranged for. After a most rigid competitive examination, it was awarded to Miss Juliet Stuart Points. The choice of Oxford, Cambridge and London was given to her, but as the London School of Economics is recognized as the best place in England to study sociology and economics, Miss Points chose that and is devoting her time to exhaustive researches regarding the entrance of women into industry and its effect upon modern life.

14 Years Ago Today  
From The Herald Of  
This Date 1898

H. M. Daugherty, district attorney for Socorro county, N. M., is at the St. Charles.

Sam Hawkins came across from Juarez last evening and registered at the Lindell.

Francis R. Delgado, of Chihuahua, Mexico, came up on the central last night and is at the Vendome.

Last night the choir of the First M. E. church gave a most enjoyable concert. The program was well selected and well rendered.

In order to make more room the G. H. is removing a large fountain which has been a beauty spot in the floral display of the machine shop for months past.

Every advantage has been taken by the Knights of Labor excursion committee to make the excursion and picnic at La Luz next Sunday one of great success.

The two Mexican bands, the 12th cavalry and 15th infantry bands of the regular Mexican army, will arrive at Chihuahua over the Mexican Central. They will bring 60 men.

"Look here," said a man of Juarez yesterday, as he placed a number of baskets of fruit. "These came from the Mormon colonies of Mexico. Very little said regarding that country, but the fruit speaks for itself. Every day the Sierra Madre brings in dozens of baskets of fruit, and no paper has thus far taken any notice of it."

The Yalisco citizens have notified the local committee in charge of the fourth of July celebration of their intention to take part in the parade on July 4. There will be about 150 citizens on horseback, and then there will be a decorated float with Pueblo Indians on it. This will be very pretty and shows what interest the people outside of El Paso are taking in the celebration. From letters received up in New Mexico and Arizona, the people of that country are coming to El Paso to see what a fine celebration we are going to have.

CHIHUAHUA BANKER TO SAIL FOR PARIS, FRANCE

E. T. Lafon, cashier of the Banco Nacional, of the city of Chihuahua, with his son, and Juan Diaz and wife, of Chihuahua, form a party bound for Paris, France. They departed today on the Golden State Limited, and will sail from New York on the Olympic.

Miss Maria Layne Gibson, principal of the Scarritt Bible and Training School, at Antioch, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Clark, of 838 Stewart street.

## BRIDES BY GEORGE FITCH

Author Of "At Good Old Siwash"

(Copyright, 1912, by George Mathew Adams.)

A BRIDE is a young woman who is about to cease thinking of floral bells, wedding presents and all some clothes, in order to fix her frenzied attention on wash women, dirty dishes, dust on the piano, and the price of beefsteaks.

This is because the bride is a young woman who has just been or is about to be married. Being a bride is a very joyful and popular experience, and is written about profusely, but getting over being a bride is not embalm in literature very much, except in letters to mother.

A bride is a beautiful vision in silk and chiffon with a long veil and a bouquet and a sad father in a new dress suit whom she has to propel to the altar by the arm. It takes about six weeks and \$1000 to make a first-class bride who will cause any excitement among the society editors and families who are about to have a bride do not generally buy a new automobile that year.

Brides are fragile and delicate to look at, but as a matter of fact they are very durable. A bride goes to three receptions and two teas and a box party each day for a month before her wedding, and spends her spare time standing while dressmakers hang clothes on her, yet very few brides are trundled up the church aisle in wheelbarrows. On the other hand, the young man who plays the solo part in the responses usually comes to the church in a state of collapse, and has to be punched twice in the ribs before he can revive sufficiently to hoist the ring out of his vest pocket.

There are three kinds of brides—conventional, extemporaneous and habitual. The conventional bride goes to church with her relatives and a chorus of girl friends and gets married according to Hoyle, and the announcements in the society papers. The extemporaneous bride goes to St. Joe, Michigan, with her gentleman friend and tosses up to help decide whether they shall get married or go to the moving picture show. The habitual bride buys a wedding dress which will wear well, retains a lawyer by the year, and gets married whenever she changes her taste in mustaches and table manners.



Brides are very happy and overlook things so easily that they can be kissed almost with impunity even by guests who only sent salad forks. One of the finest forms of sport next to duck shooting is to throw an old shoe, as she is leaving town, at a bride. The person who hawks her hat off without damaging her features usually gets as much applause as if he had done something worth while.